

A Railroad Song with Feeling

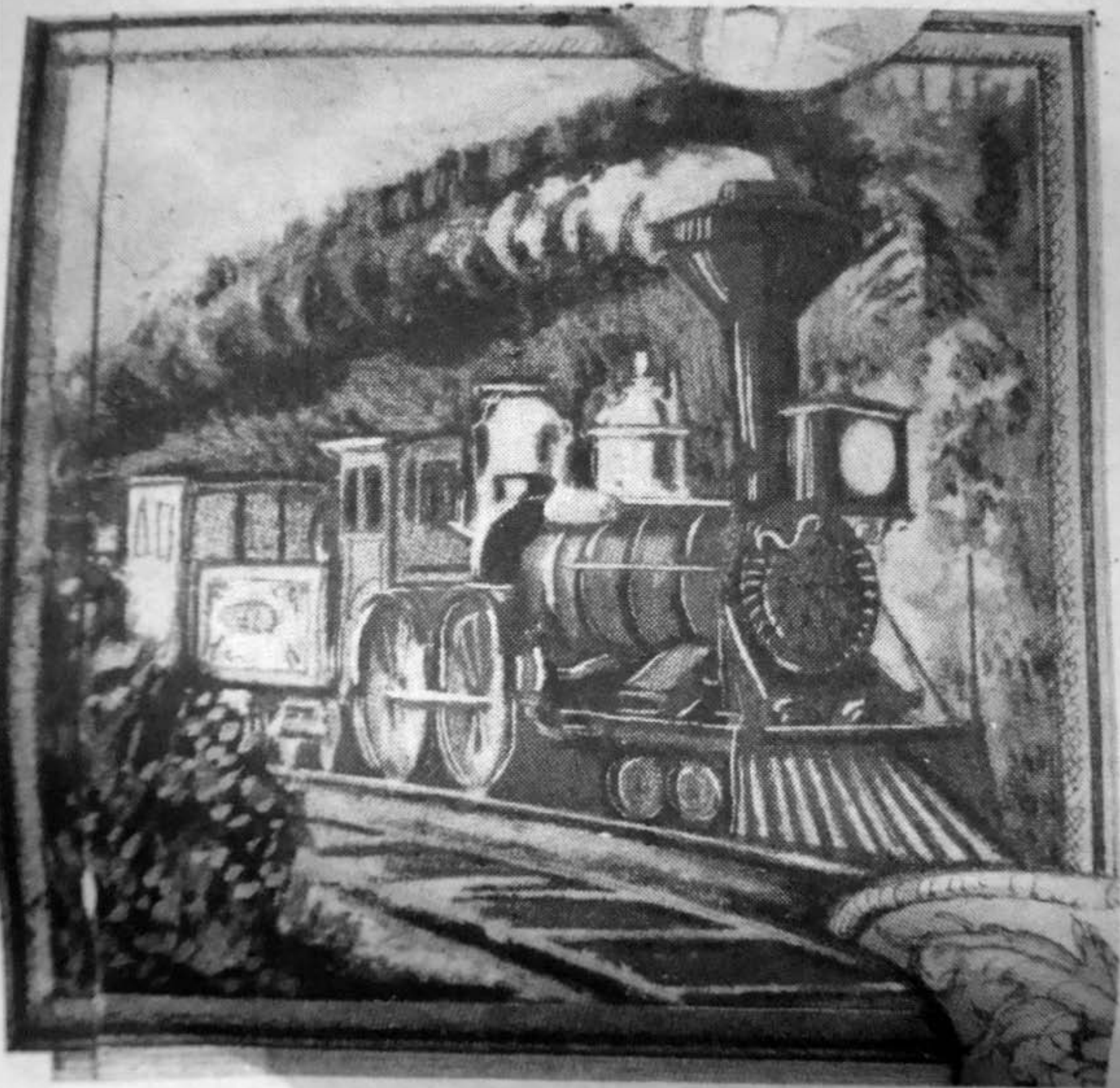
Charleston insurance man Ed O. James has sent along a railroad song, with the note: "If you can find a railroad song with more feeling than this one, please send me a copy." So, here it is:

In the dark freight yards of an Atlantic state
Stood a freight train made up of the east.
The engineer, with his oil and waste
Was grooming his iron beast.
And ten cars back, in the murky dark,
A box car door swung wide
And a hobo lifted his pal on board
To start on his last long ride.

The train wheels clicked on the coupling joints
A song to the rounder's ears.
The hobo talked to the lifeless form
Of his pal through a score of years.
For a long, long stretch we have rambled, Jack,
With the luck of the men that roam,
A back door step for a dining room,
A box car for a home

We have dodged the bulls on the Monon Route
And the Dicks of the Chesapeake.
We have bummed our way o'er the narrow gauge
In the days of triple three.
We have coasted down thru the sunny south
On the rails of the old S.P.
And of all we had thru good and bad,
The half belonged to me.

The Rambler rode o'er the rear car wheels
As the train thru the evening sped.
The engineer, on his high class steel,
Kept his eyes on the rails ahead.
And ten cars back, in the empty box,
A lonely hobo cried
For the days of old and his faithful pal
Who was taking his last long ride.



New York Magazine recently did an article on antiques worth buying and selling and among which was this framed Currier & Ives of a steam railroad of the past century.

Greenbrier Branch

[From Page 4]

Among the first railroads that were planned to pass this way were the following:

West Virginia RR, 1875, to start near Huntington and build to the Potomac River on the West Virginia-Maryland border;

Potomac & Ohio RR, 1878, to start near Huntington and build to the Potomac River on the West Virginia-Maryland border;

Pittsburgh Southern Ry, 1879, from the Pennsylvania border to a point on the Chesapeake & Ohio;

Pittsburgh & Southwest Virginia Ry., 1880, Pennsylvania border to the Virginia border;

Grafton & Greenbrier RR, 1881, from Grafton to the C&O in Greenbrier County;

Kanawha & Chesapeake RR, 1881, Gauley Bridge to Marlin's Bottom. This company actually filed a location map and profile at the Pocahontas Court House and was the first of many lines planned through the "Stony Creek Gap" to

reach the Greenbrier by way of Williams River and Stony Creek.

Gauley River & Pittsburgh RR, 1882, from Gauley Bridge to the Greenbrier River;

Unnamed railroad, 1888, from White Sulphur Springs to Huntersville;

Gauley & Eastern Ry., 1889, from Gauley Bridge to Huntersville;

West Virginia Central Ry., 1890, from Ceredo on the Ohio River, through Pocahontas County enroute to Harrisonburg, Virginia, and on to the Potomac River;

Chicago, Parkersburg, & Norfolk RR, about 1890, from Parkersburg to Huntersville and on east. This company also filed a map and profile at the court house. Their route into the Greenbrier Valley was a little different. The line was surveyed up Elk River, then up the Big Spring Branch and over onto Clover Creek, down that stream to the Greenbrier and on to Marlin's Bottom and Huntersville.

It is hardly necessary to comment that none of these railroads was built.



RAMPS ARE GETTING SCARCE...
BUT THE RAMP SNIFFER CAN SNIFF
THEM OUT.

Ralph V. Cutlip and W. G. Wenzlaff are both subscribers to the Hillbilly. Ralph has contributed several articles in the past, as well as ideas for cartoons which we have printed. The ideas are the captions are by Cutlip and the drawings are by Wenzlaff.

Westward Ho . . . And How!

Across the U.S. in a Battered Buick in 1915

By J.C. Raese

Three young men stood on the river bank of a North Dakota stream. As the water turned and boiled its way down the discouraged men thought of nothing to do but sit and watch. Out there, a few feet from the bank, was an automobile. The canvas top was down and only the windshield stood above the water.

It was one of those young men and that automobile was his only hope of getting back home, three thousand miles away. With a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach I stood there and prayed that that Buick would not wash down the stream. I pulled the rain-coat over around my naked body and sat pulled up with three messes in it. Seeing that they would go no farther, they turned back. Never before or since, I felt so alone and forsaken.

Well, we felt quite differently that nice summer day, on the seventh of June, 1915, as we left our West Virginia home for a trip to the West Coast. The only way we knew through the stories we had read of the West. The automobile in those days was still a long way from being the efficient machine we have today. Our 1915 Buick had a folding top with side-curtains in the removable and a hand operation.

The running boards were removable, a nylon tent, a nylon water bag and a two-gallon gas can. In front of the car was another suitcase.

spare tire on the back with a second spare firmly tied to that.

Yes, we felt pretty good on that sunny morning, but just a little queasy in the stomach, as we started on a trip that would take us much farther from home than any of us had ever been. We said our goodbyes and were on our way to look for the newly

[On Page 5]

From Billy Edd Wheeler A Tip

By Billy Edd Wheeler

For several years now I have helped my songwriters prepare cassettes and entry



GOVERNOR'S FACE

No West Virginian, with the possible exception of Soupy Sales, who is back on television, was more visible last week than Governor Jay Rockefeller.



Being pulled across the river in Montana . . .



. . . stuck in the mud out west.

From West Virginia to the West Coast in

THE WEST VIRGINIA HILL

Page 11
 and Lincoln Highway, run-
 from New York to San
 Our starting point
 W.Va. and the pas-
 were Eli Schilanski,
 Allen, Cleon Raese
 — Curtis Raese.
 "Betsey", our 1915
 was new and
 with four vacuum cup
 We called her "Old Bet-
 on we had other pet
 for which we used only
 special occasions — as when
 to swim out of a
 under two more horse
 than the catalogue gave
 for having.

The sun was shining and it
 seemed to be an ideal spring
 The birds were singing
 a slight breeze from the
 made one glad to be alive.
 a great day to start such
 adventurous journey. A trip
 unheard of at that time.
 had gone only about ten
 when a sudden shower
 and we had to pile out
 in the chains to stay on
 slippery clay road. Eli be-
 have doubts about the
 of the journey right
 Nevertheless, we kept
 and by hard driving we
 able to make it into Con-
 a small town near
 that night. Almost
 By the next night
 able to put up our tent
 of Cleveland. We were
 "pragmats" after a poor
 On the following day we
 to Chicago. It was
 in Indiana that Eli
 that we were getting
 the west for he could
 about lost on his lips.

Chagrin Falls, Ohio,
 from front tires came off
 and rolled down the
 about one hundred yards
 of the car. We chased
 down the street, re-
 the rear tube and were
 able to travel again.
 the largest wondering if
 had come on this
 in a small town
 and while most
 a crowd almost as
 outside of the
 gradually all dis-



Left, a muddy hill. Above, Nebraska highway. Right, last water for 60 miles in Nevada.



A muddy road in Nebraska. Right, one-car ferry somewhere in the Northwest.



Highway. Now and then, there
 would be a sign painted red,
 white and blue. We might see
 as many as three or four in
 a day. Between signs, we were
 left to guess if we were still
 on it. The state of Iowa was not
 too difficult but then it started
 to rain. By the time we hit the
 dirt roads of Nebraska, all roads
 were flooded. The North Platte
 River was out of its banks and
 for miles we traveled through
 water hub deep or worse. We
 could only tell if we were on the
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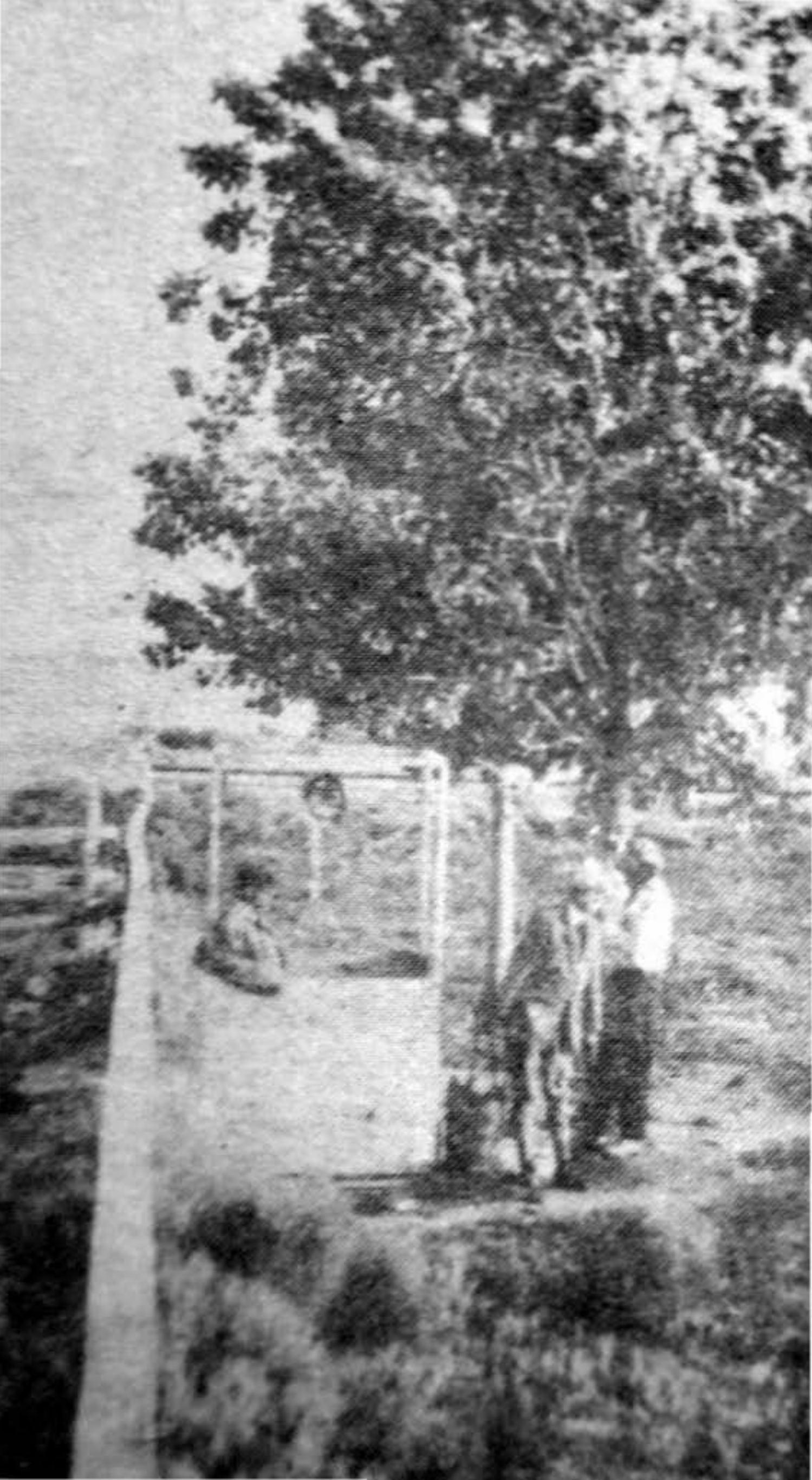
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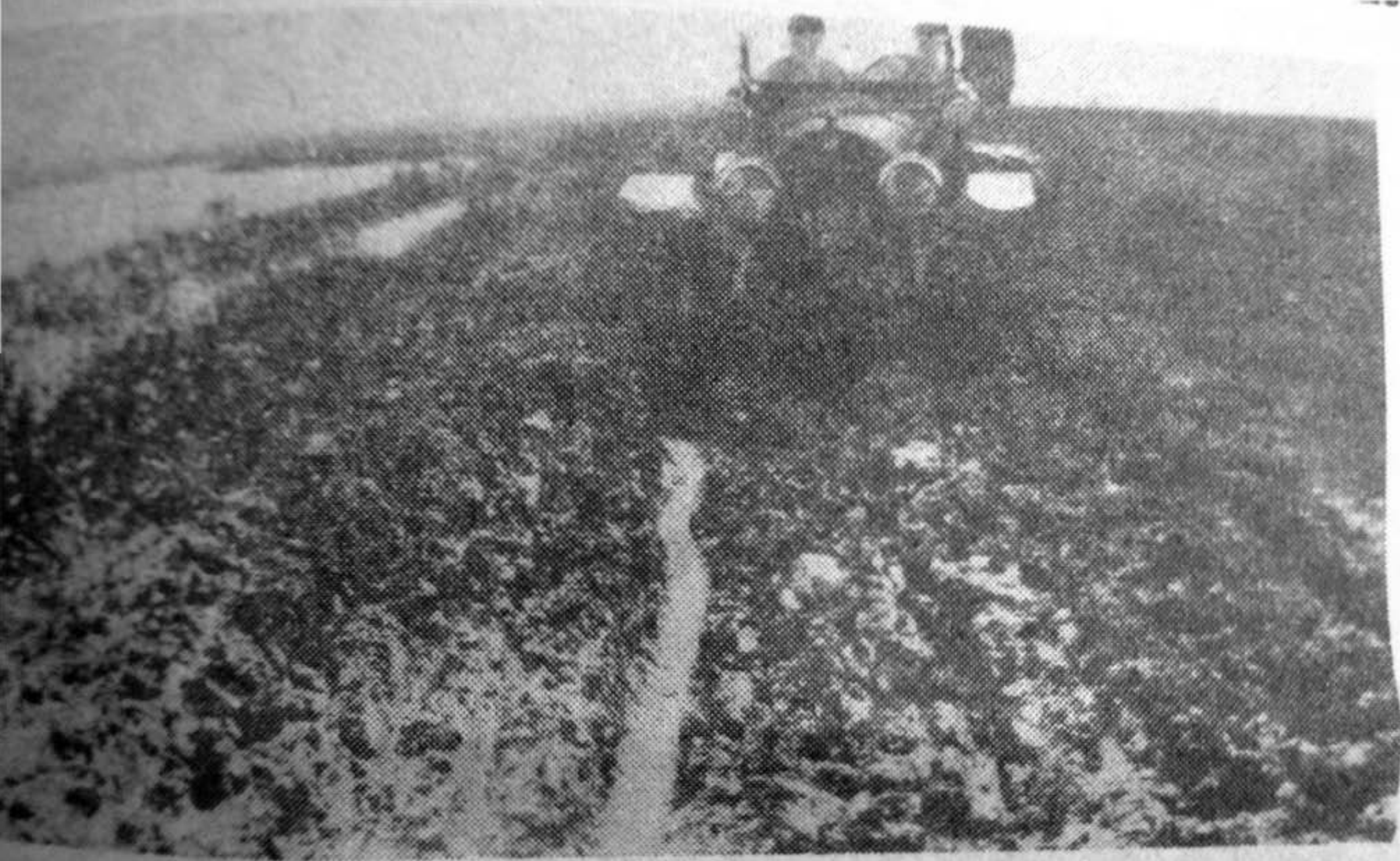
Our tent had a flap that went over the top of the car and fastened on the other side. It was made of oiled silk and had a tight floor. Two screened windows and a screened door kept



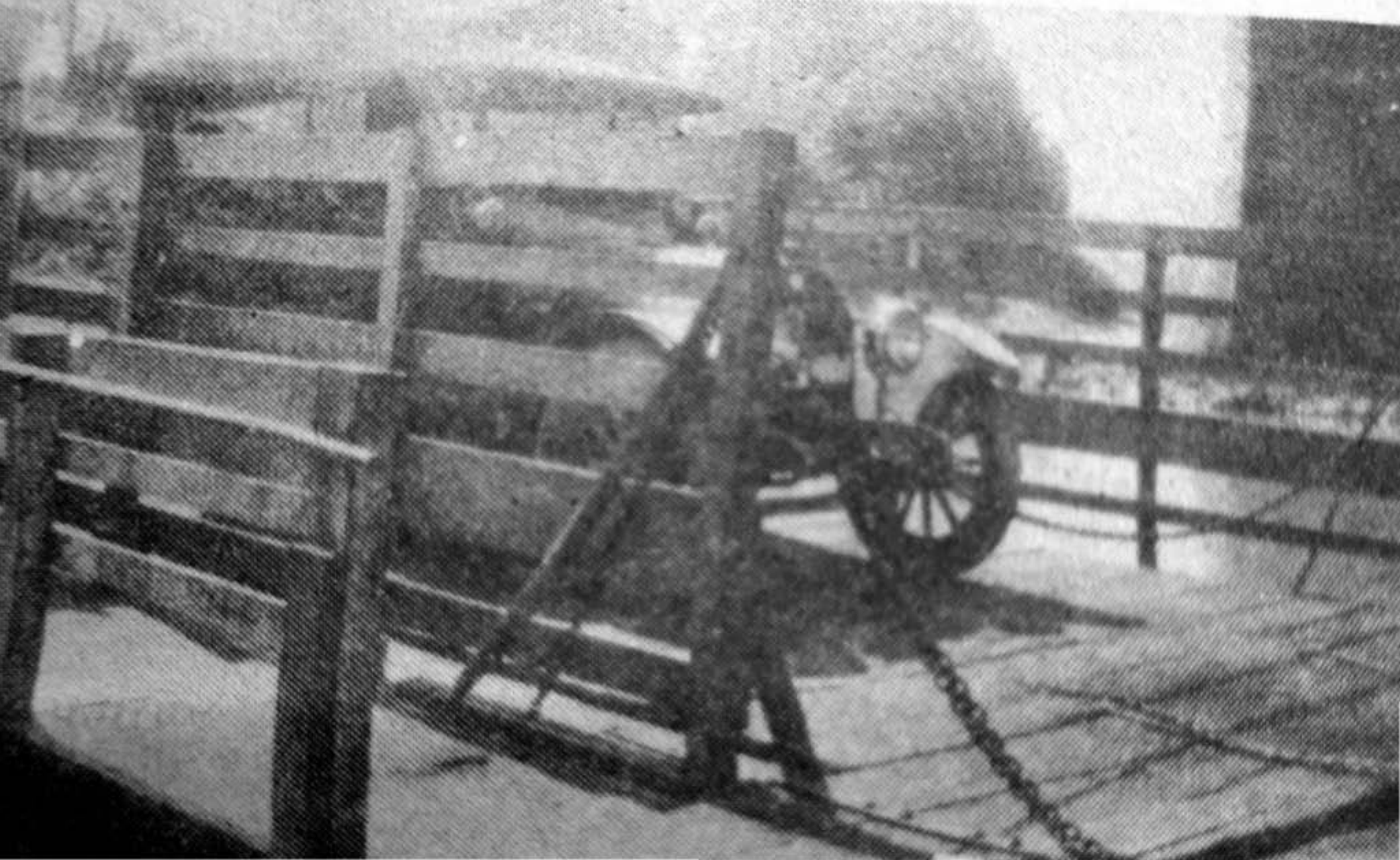


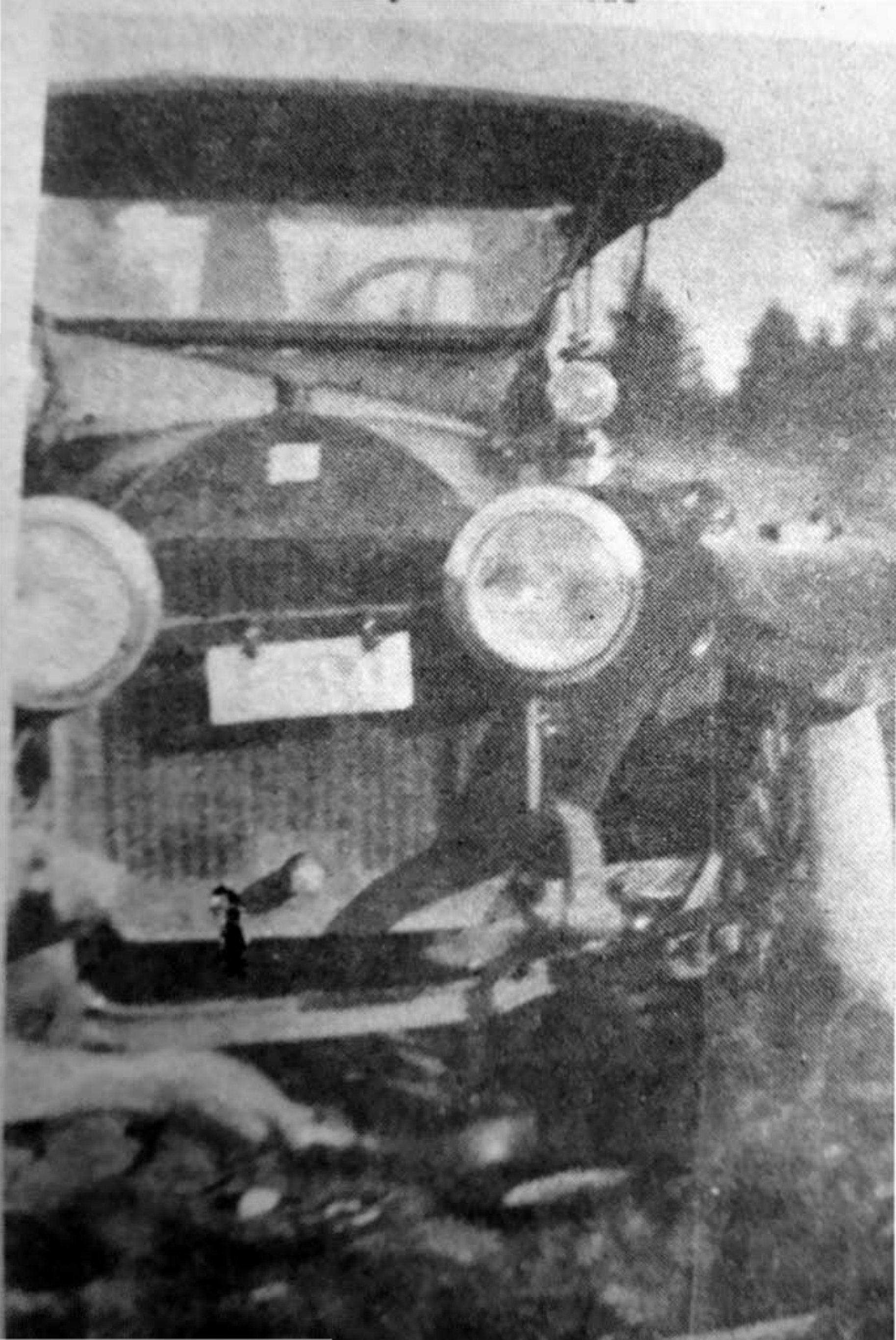
Left, a muddy hill. Above, Nebraska highway. Right, last water for 60 miles in Nevada.

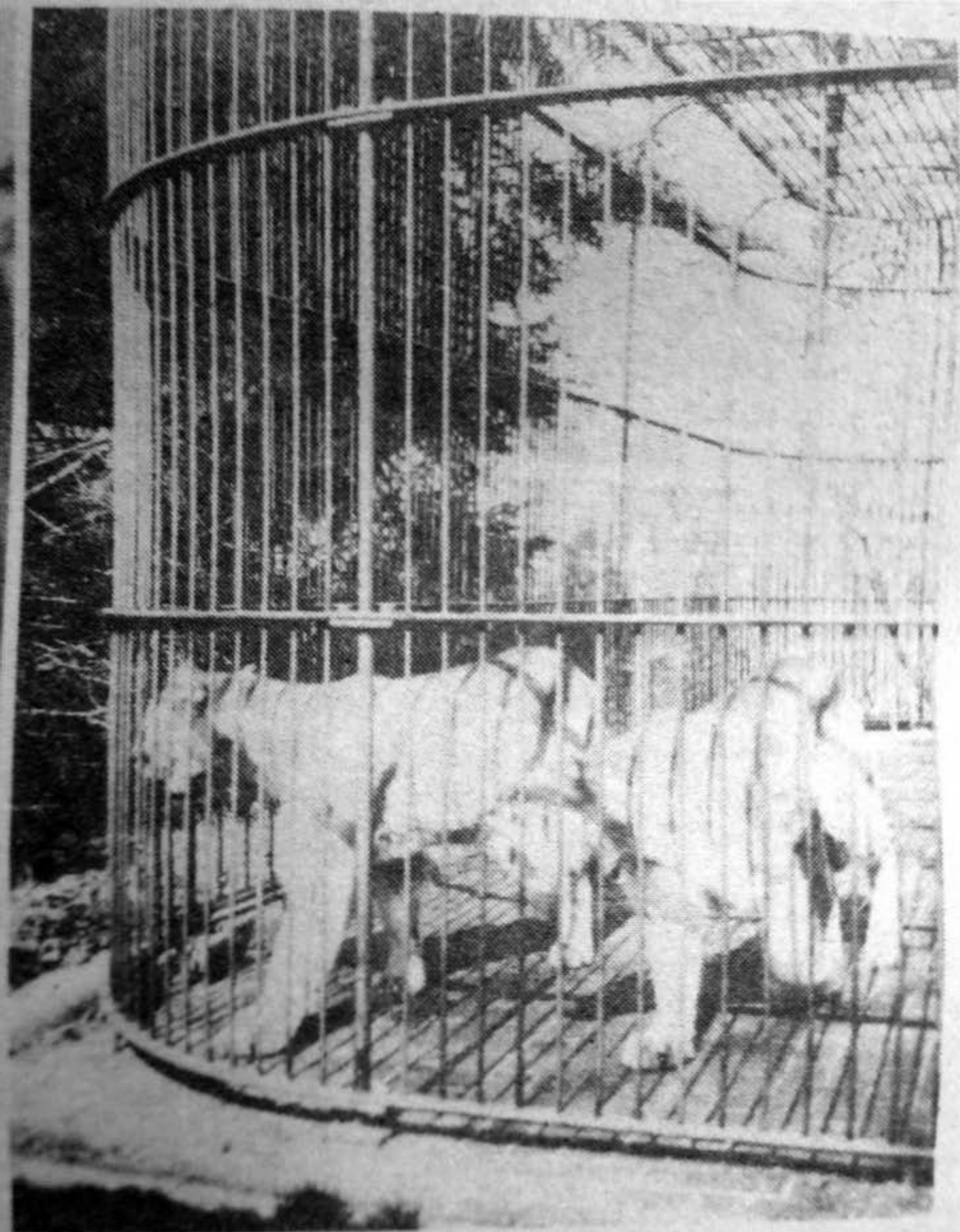




A muddy road in Nebraska. Right, one-car ferry somewhere in the Northwest.







Left, cooking eggs out of the wind. Above, Chicago Zoo scene.

most of the mosquitos out, as well as snakes. However, after using it the night before we got to Cleveland, we did not find an opportunity to use it again until we were in the dry desert country of the far west. Camping places were scarce.

In Wyoming we started using the tent by throwing it on the ground and sleeping on top of it. This saved time and we could drive longer.

The three suitcases we had stacked on the running board, had a cover of table oilcloth.

One day we were hit by a sand storm so hard that even with the side curtains closed, we had to hold handkerchiefs to our faces for about ten minutes. Later, when we unpacked those suitcases, there was sand on
[On Page 9]

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The Mountain Ash Fightin' to Retain the Train

By Jerry Ash

"Hello, operator. Could you tell me the phone number of the Amtrak office in Clarksburg?"

"I'm sorry, that number is non-published."

"I know that, operator. It's not here in the book. But, what is it?"

"I'm sorry, we are not allowed to give out that information."

The foregoing is a true conversation from several months ago when my wife and I were considering a weekend excursion to Washington, D. C. It was the final straw in a long ordeal of phone calling that received no answer to Amtrak phone listings at Oakland, Rowlesburg and Grafton.

We are both trained newspaper reporters, but we could not obtain price or schedule information. Can you imagine how frustrated we were? And, can you imagine how totally baffled the potential rail transportation consumer must be who has learned that Amtrak isn't for passengers.

Conincidentally, Barbara Smith, Humanities chairman at Alerson-Broadbush College, has sent me another bit of satire titled, "Get rid of the people, and the system runs fine," complete with a cartoon of a bus that accepts no riders, but keeps a perfect schedule.

Well, the lack of ridership on Amtrak routes through West Virginia can be easily compared to the bus that wouldn't stop and that's a schedule that perfectly meets the purposed of U. S. Transportation Secretary Brock Adams who wishes this year to cancel three of the four passenger routes in the Mountain State.

The three routes include the "Cardinal," which runs from Washington to Chicago and back with stops at White Sulphur Springs, Hinton, Prince, Thurmond, Charleston and Huntington; the "Hilltopper," which runs from Boston to Catlettsburg, Ky., via Bluefield, Welch, Williamson and Huntington; and the "Shenandoah," which runs through Keyser, Clarksburg and Parkersburg on the way from Washington to Cincinnati.

A Department of Transportation report will cancel these routes if it is not reported by Congress. It would become effective in October.

This new attempt to wreck a railroad is but the latest episode in a long history of Amtrak controversy. It began in 1971 after long, hard efforts to obtain rail service resulted

in the thrusting of the responsibility on a hostile administration that appeared less-than-anxious to do the public's bidding.

From the very first day it appeared the lack-luster effort would include foot-dragging intent on "proving" there was no real need for this type of transportation. Equipment was minimal, service was inadequate, advertising was almost non-existent, and certainly unimaginative compared to the competitors on the highways and in the air.

Equipment eventually was improved and service, according to some patrons, improved immensely, ridership

increased in spite of the absence of dynamic marketing efforts, and yet those who wished to discover rail travel couldn't get a representative on the telephone.

So, even though the feds have done about all they can to make the current DOT report look bad for rail transportation through these mountains, the public will still fight for continued and improved rail service.

No fighter will be more effective than Bonni McKeown, now of Beckley and formerly a student of mine when I taught at WVU.

Bonni's a Mountaineer fireball, and she's formed a grassroots lobby effort called "Retain the Train" (RTT) to do battle with Brock Adams.

RTT begins its attack on Adams by comparing the budgetary trade-off to 10,000 miles of rails for four miles of freeway. The nationwide Amtrak cutbacks would eliminate those 10,000 miles and that does equal the cost of four

miles of super highway construction in California.

Ms. McKeown makes several other convincing Points:

— The cutback would waste more than it saves. The previous DOT report showed that running more, not less trains would reduce Amtrak's deficit by attracting more ridership. Incidentally, Amtrak will still have to use \$90 million per year for several years for not running trains because of labor protection agreements.

— The \$166 million savings claimed by DOT for 1980 equals less than one per cent of the transportation budget. Meanwhile, \$6.92 billion is proposed for highway construction, \$2.08 billion for air traffic control, \$570 million in airport grants, etc. In spite of a continuing energy crisis, you can see where the feds place priorities. And, incidentally, it is interesting to recall that transportation subsidy traditionally has gone to highways and air travel, but never to rail.

— The DOT report doesn't



The Uniform Payment Plan, a convenient method of budgeting your electric bill payments, is available to residential customers of Monongahela Power. Under this plan you can pay your total annual cost of electricity in monthly installments instead of paying larger two-month bills during peak heating and cooling periods.

How does the plan work?

If you sign up for the plan, you will be billed for a budgeted amount each month for eleven months of the billing year. This amount is determined by your previous 12 months' usage. During the twelfth month, you will be billed your budget amount plus or minus any difference between your total budget payments and the actual amount used during the year.

Will there be an extra charge for the plan?

No. We offer this service as a convenience for those customers who wish to spread their costs over twelve months and for those who would rather pay a bill each month instead of bi-monthly. (Meters will continue to be read every two months.)

How can I qualify for the plan?

The Uniform Payment Plan is being made available to all regular residential customers of Monongahela who have been at the same address for at least one year and whose current account balance is paid up to date. Seasonal customers, such as those with summer homes and camps, are not eligible nor are minimum use customers (those who now pay only the minimum charge).

The Uniform Payment Plan

an easy way to b
your electric bill pa

Can the budget amount be

Yes. Your budget amount will be read the sixth and the twelfth months. If your usage increases or decreases during the year, it will be adjusted at the time of review. Any change also affects the monthly amount. Naturally, a change is made in your monthly budget.

Will I know the actual amount used even though I'm on the

Yes. Every two months when your meter is read, you will receive an electric bill showing your actual usage and a comparison to your budgeted amount. The bill for the month when your meter is not read will show your budgeted amount.

If I sign up for the plan, can I be taken off the plan at a

Yes. Just inform your local Monongahela office that you wish your account changed to monthly billing.

How can I apply for the plan?

Simply contact your local Monongahela office. You will be advised of a recent amount and your account will then be adjusted to the Uniform Payment Plan.

Any further questions regarding the plan will be answered by the Monongahela Power Company or your area.

Monongahela Power
Part of the Allegheny Power System

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consider how withdrawing trains would affect small cities and towns. Long-distance marketing has been mistakenly at the large cities. Small towns, particularly West Virginia, are now being deprived of air service because of deregulation, and buses are being cut back because of rising fuel costs and cumbersome regulations.

—Trains are proved to be the most energy efficient way to move people, and that alone should be enough to motivate the transportation secretary to get serious about a rail service program that will meet changing needs, not fly in the face of them.

The arguments could fill columns and columns, but the most important point is this: fighting Bonni McKeown needs your help. She needs you to write your Congressmen and your Senator to urge active effort at rejecting the Adams' report. She says personal testimonials will be more than all the statistics and rational arguments.

Ash 'to the Train

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How Dear To His Heart Was th

Dear to the heart of a coal miner reader of this paper, Charles D. Neal, was the brick made school in the town of Davy, McDowell County. Mr. Neal doesn't want to forget this school building and wants others to always remember it. "I hope you will print it," he writes. "It is not typewritten or I cannot type, and too, I am not a very well educated person, having only eleven years of schooling. But I will never forget the tragic night of the fire that took away an important symbol of the community in which I grew from childhood."

For I could feel the pair of words at the call of the sirens and O' please save me from fiery hell.

I could not believe what was

happening were the uttering words from many of the senior townfolk stalking around my quivering frame, for I could feel the pair of death at the call of the sirens wail.

O' please save me from this fiery hell. "Yes" these words of silence were clearly spoken young into the new year of January 7, 1979 on a late Sunday eve as dense smoke and bright orange flames peered through the roof of Davy elementary and Junior High School. It was cold with a mixture of snow and rain that unforgettable wintry night as I stood frozen in thought. I hate to see tomorrow come for I am afraid of what I may be be.

It seemed as though a very close and sacred friend of mine were dying and I could do noth-

ing to save him from death's despair.

A sudden wave of chill was in the air, not from the cold of winter snow and rain as it pelted and soaked the garments I wore, but from the chill of death's despair. It seemed as though a translation of my inward soul seeped into that large olden brick structure that stood as a symbol to this small southern community of Davy West Virginia. I suddenly feel the coolness of water from the fireman's hose to quench the thirst of my weakening soul and to my dying thought as the wail of sirens send me into slumber for ever more. Large and larger was the flame and smoke so intense that my upper structure began to give weakening my more ever i

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slumber than before.

I've just about given up on the firemen's hose for flames more intent so cancerous eating away at my floors below. O' God if thou wouldst mete me justice I plead with thee now, O' please save me from this fiery hell, for my days to me seem so young, I've been here only four score and a little time more.

For a short while it seemed my prayer being answered for the first time into the night as a new day approached in the early hours of a Monday morn. And then suddenly another quick setback of fire and smoke belched out of my quivering frame and closer to death ever than before, my inner walls began to crumble, my windows wilting from the intense heat

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giving way for more oxygen and flame to fail me into eternity evermore.

Just before death began to close mine eyes I could see earthlings fighting so fiercely below trying to save my olden brick structure.

So immense was the fight to save my life, then suddenly they saw they could do no more.

I am going now as a gentle whisper into the wind. My master "well" he took me but not without a fight, yet I know I leave but a blemish of my burnt out olden structure, for ashes of cremation I wanted at death to devour into the sweet earth.

Written by C. Mead
The week of Jan. 7, 1979

Dear To His Heart Was the Davy School

of a coal
this paper,
as the brick
the town of
County. Mr.
to forget this
and wants
remember it.
it it," he
typewritten
and too, I
all educated
only eleven
But I will
tragic night
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Written by C

Grown Old?

Grown old? Not I. You know
It takes so much time to do it.
But I never had any and so
Could not afford to permit it.

Ever since I walked at all,
I always kept a-going.
My chums and I, like Hannibal,
Would cross the Alps hallooing.

The little brook became a Sea,
But valiently we crossed it.
Explorers and bold pirates were we
And always in highest spirits.

So years went on — and on — and on,
And almost before I knew it,
I had grown up — become a nun,
How? I don't know. God did it.

And then He had a task for me;
A task so dear and fulfilling
"Go, teach my boys and girls," said He.
He found me ready and willing.

For fifty years I had the sway
Of youthful hearts — I loved them —
My boys and girls, now far away,
But near to me. God bless them.

But then there was another call,
"Stop now," it said, "and take a rest."
Of course, I didn't like it at all,
But had to make of it the best.

And now I have a rocking chair,
But take little time to use it.
I exercise and walk around
Whenever weather permits it.

I always try to occupy
My mind to prevent confusion,
Read and write, philosophize
To make the right conclusion.

My rocking chair waits patiently,
Some day it will serve me kindly.
But, Thank you, Gott, most heartily
For letting me be just ninety.

Sister M. Vincentia Rogge, S.A.C. (Aged 90)

Greenbrier Branch

[From Page 4]

from the Valley of Virginia into the Greenbrier Valley. In June construction was begun on the Chesapeake Western RR at Harrisonburg, Virginia. Various different destinations were given for this road at different times, including Charleston, but most included a junction with the W.Va. C&P or the C&O in the Greenbrier Valley. The C.W. never got here, of course, and is now a small branch of the Norfolk & Western Railway.

Other rumors in this period included the W.Va. C&P — C&O connection and a proposed railroad or two coming north from Greenbrier County. Also there must have been a new surveying crew wandering about Pocahontas County at least monthly, judging by reports in the papers of the period.

Towards the end of 1897, yet another railroad was incorporated to build a line into the upper Greenbrier Valley. However, this company, the Greenbrier Railway, would actually carry out its charter and bring the iron horse to Marlinton and the other communities in the valley.

[To be continued]

in the Springtime — Sassafras tea!

When the tulip and crocus peeping
And the "SARVICE" trees ^{through the mould} burst into bloom,
When the trailing arbutus in spite of the cold
Fill the air with its dainty perfume;

We recall that each Spring the years
past and gone
When dame nature awoke from her nap
On some sunshiny morn the OLD
SASSAFRAS MAN
Would slouch 'round to the kitchen and rap,
And begin in his quaint homely way to extole
The great merits of "SASSAFRACK" TEA —
A perfect Spring tonic for one and all
Regardless of rank or degree.

*Lines from poem
THE SASSAFRAS MAN by Boyd Kees
ELKINS, W. VA.*



Thompson



ADDENDUM — The SASSAFRAS MAN's real name was JOHN SHUMAKER, living out on the Bowden road near Elkins. In the Springtime he always for years showed up peddling Sassafras Roots from door to door. And with some coins jingling in his pockets he would make for the nearest saloon, and from there in a short time to repent in the town jail. Many winters and Springs slowly passed by. The old Sassafras man became weather beaten and gray until one winter morning on CHRISTMAS DAY in 1913 they found him dead in his lonely cabin in the hills.

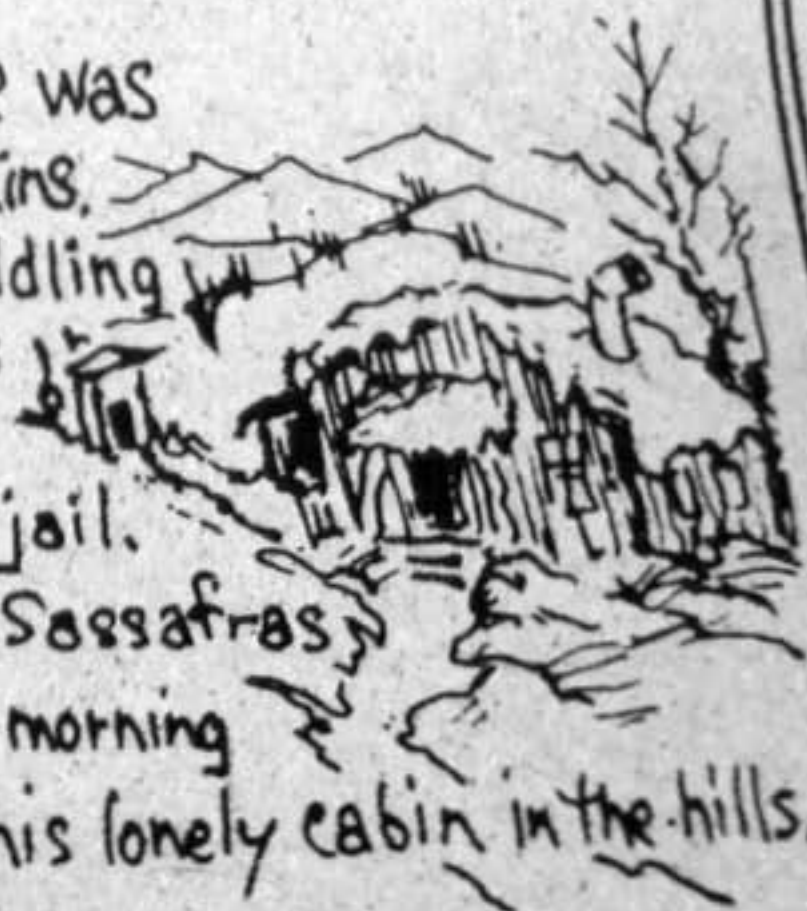


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When the trailing arbutus in spite of the cold
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— — —

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—From the Barbour Democrat

Greenbrier Branch

[From Page 4]

Company. Looking for a new supply of timber suitable for pulpwood for paper making, West Virginia Pulp and Paper purchased a vast acreage on Cheat Mountain in Randolph and Pocahontas Counties in 1899. The company also decided to build a new paper mill and considered several sites, including Caldwell and Coving-

ton, Va. For a time in early 1899 the site selected seemed to be Caldwell but in late April Covington was chosen instead. The choice of the site of the paper mill was immaterial as far as the proposed new railroad was concerned. The important thing was that the actions of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company gave the Greenbrier Railway a reasonable guarantee of sizeable and regular carloadings of pulpwood and other timber products.

[To Be Continued]

ate Will Be Low-Rent Landlord at Cass

MILLER'S GRIST

By Tom Miller

a term of their lease," the governor continued.

But as legislators recall, when the entire \$700,000 requested was approved, Rockefeller vetoed the appropriation. Finance Commissioner Miles Dean said it was simply because the project wasn't ready to go.

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the Legislature (on Jan. 10) that a "combination of the coal strike and the need for additional planning made the efforts unwise at that time."

And plans, the lawmakers learned, had changed. This year he asked for \$2 million to "restore the public buildings and to install water and sewer facilities at Cass," instead of using money from the auction.

The request was part of the \$15 million or so of "pork barrel" local projects kicked around by the Legislature at the regular session and which

prompted last week's special session to pass the 1979-80 budget.

The ultimate decision was to provide only \$1.1 million of federal revenue sharing money for the project. According to Sen. Gainer, that won't be enough to provide both a new sewer system and a new water system. The estimate is the sewer alone will cost \$1.1 million.

The latest score is that the Department of Natural Resources owns 72 residential
[On Page 23]

Due Dismay About Our Language

We'd like to say a word for the campaign being waged by Bill Gold, a "Washington Post" columnist, to help save the English language.

We are cheering Bill on because we see an explosive increase in the number of writers and speakers who can't be bothered about meanings of words, singulars and plurals of nouns, tenses and moods of verbs, the right places to put punctuation, or ways to arrange sentences to show what goes with what.

Largely, we are paying a penalty for what we have allowed to happen in our schools since World War II. By the early 1960s, it was found

STONE BASE

By Marvin Stone

gressions. Slovenly usage poses the danger that language will become a collection of vague grunts, y'knows and other watchamacallits."

In another instance, Gold blames the destruction of

words on the unabridged dictionary that is most commonly used today. This book will, he rightly complains, "bear anybody out on anything." The editor in chief "admitted years ago that his new dictionary's aim was 'to report the language' as it is, not to prescribe what it should be. In other words [it] makes no attempt to be an authority on correct usage"

Where Are Soaring

A local candidate for mayor is claiming that during his two terms he has accomplished

FIKE'S PIQUE

By Elmer Fike

in West Virginia
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IPMENT

ER & CO.
V. 25722 • 304/52

to spend
door plumbing
i.e. a central water and
system. With these
ries and popular Snow-
only eight miles away, it
be lucrative.
state's love affair with
goes back nearly two
es when the state acquir-
Cass Scenic Railroad as
park facility. Originally
as a logging line, it was
ed as a four-mile segment
1963 to 1967 and then in
the full 11-mile line was
to Bald Knob, the
second highest moun-

Gov. Arch A. Moore
decided the state should
use a portion of the town,
developed as a lum-
camp by the Mower
Co. Cass is named for
K. Cass, chairman of
board of West Virginia
and Paper Co., formerly
in the lumber and
manufacturing busi-
the town.

1973 Legislature ap-
\$935,000 for Cass, in-
\$235,000 for land pur-
there. Veteran State
Gainer, D-Nicholas,
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sneak it through
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Rockefeller seems
enthusiastic about Cass.
he boasted

Due Dismal

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Largely, we are paying a penalty for what we have allowed to happen in our schools since World War II. By the early 1960s, it was found that a third of the English teachers in secondary schools were unfit to teach their subject. Lamenting on the finding, John Fischer of "Harper's" wrote at the time that it should surprise nobody: "For we have people who make it their business to teach binary computer language, or French or Russian or Swahili. But today nobody — with a few honorable exceptions — seems to feel that it is really his job to teach the writing of English."

Sloppy writers regard all this as a narrow concern of scholars, whereas, as a matter of fact, regard for good English

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Gov. Jay Rockefeller seems
as enthusiastic about Cass.
1978 he boasted in his
of the State address that
his administration has put
together a program to cap-
ture on the popularity of one
of our principal tourist at-
tractions — the town of Cass.”
He said in a joint venture of
the Department of Natural
Resources and the Department
of Culture and History, the
program would restore, architec-
turally, the saw mill, the
general store and “two of the
houses the state now
owns.”
We then plan, and this is
a truly unique aspect, to
take off 50-year leases on
the remaining houses to
encourage owners willing to undertake
individual home renovation as

subject. Lamenting on the
finding, John Fischer of “Har-
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as a narrow concern of
scholars, whereas, as a matter
of fact, regard for good English
is central to accurate com-
munication.

Gold spends some time
fielding foul balls such as this
one, which comes from a
wire-service article: “A 15-
year-old girl won the right to
play hockey with boys in
Quebec Superior Court Wed-
nesday.” He is at his best,
however, defending individual
words against decay. He fights
back when he learns that some
leading lexicologists believe
the distinction between farther
and further has disappeared.

“Just because some people
have corrupted various words
and usages,” the columnist
retorts, “there is no need for
careful writers and speakers to
be guilty of the same trans-

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...town of Cass in
...County has a
...population of 173 people. It
...holds the distinction of
...the only town in West
...that's owned by the

...the state wants to rent
...of the 72 residences it owns
...Cass and a huge public
...is planned to dispose of
...houses on 30-year leases.

...people who rent will have
...post a bond and agree to do
...major repair work to the
...aging structures as a condi-
...of the lease.

...To entice renters, the state
...is to spend \$2 million to
...indoor plumbing in the
...houses, i.e. a central water and
...sewer system. With these
...amenities and popular Snow-
...only eight

indoor plumbing, i.e. a central water and sewer system. With these amenities and popular Snow- only eight miles away, it would be lucrative. The state's love affair with Cass goes back nearly two decades when the state acquired the Cass Scenic Railroad as state park facility. Originally used as a logging line, it was extended as a four-mile segment from 1963 to 1967 and then in 1968 the full 11-mile line was extended to Bald Knob, the state's second highest mountain.

When Gov. Arch A. Moore decided the state should purchase a portion of the town, originally developed as a lumber camp by the Mower Lumber Co. Cass is named for Joseph K. Cass, chairman of the board of West Virginia Lumber and Paper Co., formerly engaged in the lumber and manufacturing business in the town. In 1973 the Legislature passed a law...

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MILLER'S GRIST

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[On Page 23]

Steam Excursion Lines Starting New Season

On May 4-6 the 5th Railroad Weekend In The Alleghenies will kick off operation of the Cass Scenic RR at Cass and the Alleghany Central at Covington, Va. These are all-reserved specials arranged by and for railfans primarily from the Washington area and includes complete accomodations and a banquet.

Both railroads go into their regular schedules on Memorial Day. Cass operates daily and the Alleghany Central operates on weekends and holidays.

On May 19-20 the general public is invited to the Annual Cass Railfan Weekend. The operations differ here from that of the rest of the season as trains are pulled up the mountain instead of pushed thus allowing the locomotives to be photographed from a head-on position. A night photo session will be set up Saturday. These events have been quite successful the past years and attract all sorts of folks who like to do a bit more than just ride. —Dan Snyder

in the Hills

History of the Greenbrier Branch

By Bill McNeill

Part 5

We need to back up just a bit. Even before the new railroad company was chartered in late 1897 the work of surveying was made from the forks of the Greenbrier (Durbin) to Marlinton to join with the one to White Sulphur made the year before. The surveyors also checked out a route from White Sulphur that would go up Knapps Creek rather than down that stream and reach the Greenbrier by way of Sitlingtons Creek.

To further complicate the lives of those who must make the final decision on a route another possibility was added in early 1898. About this time the attention of the C&O was the new

Knapps Creek rather go up
down that stream and than
the Greenbrier by reach
Sitlingtons Creek. way of

To further complicate the
lives of those who must make
the final decision on a route
another possibility was added
in early 1898. About this time
the attention of the C&O was
turned to running the new
railroad along the Greenbrier
for its entire length. Some
sources give John T. McGraw
credit for this. In March two
C&O engineers made a four-
day float trip down the river
from Marlinton to check out
the proposed route. They were
accompanied by B. M. Yeager
and Capt. E. A. Smith. Capt.
Smith was, of course, extrem-
ley knowledgeable about the
river from his years of driving
logs to Ronceverte. From this
inspection the river route was
found to be a very practical
one. The actual survey of the
route along the river south of
Marlinton was begun in April
and completed in October, the
survey crew making their way
to Caldwell and then back
again.

Although final approval for
an all river route was not given
by the Greenbrier Railway
Board of Directors until April
21, 1899, right-of-way acqui-
sition was underway by March.
The bonds of the Greenbrier
were issued and sold the same
month.

[On Page 23]

[From Page 4]

Considering the long wait the people of the upper Greenbrier Valley had experienced for a railroad to arrive the speed by which the Greenbrier Railway was built must have amazed them. Construction was underway on the line by July. The first construction in Pocahontas County was begun on August 5 at Burnsides by the firm of Julian, Carzza, and Co. Work within the limits of Marlinton began on August 28 with work beginning in a man's cornfield. The contractor here was J. J. Strang. The horses and mules used by Mr. Strang were marked "US" as they had been U. S. Army animals, surplus from the Spanish-American War. Mr. Bill Buckley told the author he remembers the ex-army mules as well as the wagons and tents being surplus. He also remembers a crew of Blacks working on the grade through his father's land at Buckeye with an Italian crew downstream and a German crew to the north. His father, John, was a foreman for the Germans, most of whom could not speak English and were identified.

What Paper Can't Stink?

Next week's question:

What West Virginians made \$200,000,000 for giving his seat on a train to an elder?

Last week's question:

What West Virginia newspaper is under oath to the government not to smell bad?

The answer is right in your hands and it has been quite an handicap to run a paper in West Virginia and not able to compete with the New York papers when they cover doings in West Virginia like elections and such.

Or we suppose it is this paper. Actually, it was the other paper, the Nicholas County News Leader, but one might suspect that since both are under the same ownership both are supposed not to smell.

W.Va. Quiz

The story is really getting so old it is starting to smell itself. What happened really is we talked a chemist into producing for us a chemical which if put in the ink would make the paper smell like ramps when the ink was put on it. The chemist was a native of the town, and the editor knew he could produce any kind of an odor because he worked for Carbide.

The editor got out a special ramp edition and then put the chemical in the ink, and that's the story. The paper smelled exactly like ramps, which is a wonderful smell to natives, but not to strangers. One of them, a postal clerk on the railroad, reported to the postmaster general what we had done and he made the editor promise not to do anything like that again.

And we haven't. There's quite a lot more to the story, but we are a bit tight this week, or the paper is, and beside everybody has heard the story. If not, we'll go into it at length when things ease up a bit.

Carmine Pellegrino: They Called Him

From "Coal People, June, 1976.

Carmine "Sixty-Six" Pellegrino was an incredible man.

The Italian immigrant died in July, 1976, at the age of 87,

but may have set a record in the coalfields that could stay for many years to come.

Imagine: He loaded 66 tons of coal in a single day.

Singlehandedly!

Thus came about the nickname of Sixty-Six, which later affectionately became just "Sixty."

So incredible was the feat, that the name stayed with him until the day he died. People still marvel at the accomplishment.

Sixty's daughter, Lena C. Ceresa of Spaceview Acres in St. Clairsville, Ohio, tells the story of her father, whom she lovingly calls Poppie:

The unusual name came to my father in 1924 when he was 34 years old. He had come to the United States in 1920 from native Italy and settled in

Montgomery, a small mining town in central West Virginia.

My father immediately went to work at No. 4 Mine, determined to earn money quickly

so that he could send for his wife and three children, the source of the tremendous

motivation that perhaps helped him set the record. It took him

several years to earn the money for his family's passage.

When more children came, I was the second.

My father was a hard worker,

averaging as many as 35 to 40 tons a day, at a rate of 22 cents per ton. My father had great strength, both physically and mentally. On the particular day he earned his nickname, he was working alone. A carbide light gave him light, and his tools consisted of an auger, black blasting powder with squib and a pick and shovel. It took him 12 hours to load the 66 tons. The auger was turned by hand to drill a seam of coal, powder and squib for blasting and pick and shovel for loading.

Sixty double shoveled. He shoveled first to a pile half the distance to the mining car, and then onto the car. The cars held 3 to 4 tons of coal, and were drawn by mule or horse.

That big day in Sixty's life netted him \$14.52.

It was the first time that this had ever happened in this mining community. It has never been equaled!

From that day forward, my father was known as Sixty-Six. Expressions like "hey, little Sixty" or "that's Sixty's girl," became a part of my identity.

Only his friends called him Sixty. We children called him Poppie.

Our job, as children, was to wash Poppie's back when he arrived home from work. My mother would have the water heated and ready on a large iron stove. We enjoyed this task, as we took turns. Poppie had been injured in World

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Carmine Pellegrino

War I and there was a perfectly rounded hole in the upper left part of his shoulder, from which we bobby pinned coal dust.

Once, during World War II blackouts, something funny happened. During these blackouts we used to use a low burning kerosene lamp as a night light, but on one night it apparently was visible from the roadway. The "warden" making his rounds saw the light, blew a whistle and yelled, "Hey, Sixty-Six, turn off your sixty-seven lights." This brought much laughter and

was a topic of conversation for years to come.

Poppie was a true disciplinarian. Church and discipline were the key words in our home. No spankings, just a look or a gesture, and we straightened up.

Sometimes, Poppie would sit on the back porch in the coldest time of winter, wearing just a flannel shirt and smoking his pipe. He just sat and thought. Completely relaxed. His thoughts were his own, and I must reflect on a quote from Pilgrim's Way: "I know not age, nor weariness, nor defeat . . ."

In the summer, Poppie would play his accordion on the front porch for anybody who wanted to listen. He sang, too.

Support for this section
following companies, who
is coal, and ask for them
in the energy battle.

PRATT MINING CO.
Hansford, West Va.

**WESTMORELAND COAL
CO.**
Winding Gulf Division
Tams, West Va.

**ISLAND CREEK COAL
CO.**
Craigsville, West Va.

**NATIONAL MINE
SERVICE CO.**
Pittsburgh, PA.
Beckley, Logan,
Morgantown,
Wheeling,
and Princeton,
W. VA.
Birmingham, AL.

Although we grew up practically without money, we always had plenty of food and we were a happy lot.

Our parents made us the most important part of their lives, and from this foundation we grew. Perhaps the greatest legacy my father left me was pride.

Poppie was a remarkable man, with faith, tolerance, courage and a sense of humor. He spoke broken English, but learned the English language on his own. He practiced a philosophy from which I have come to live by . . . "to think in the positive is never to live a negative life."

Poppie's death left a void in my life, filled partly by my 20-year-old son, who has inherited his grandfather's characteristics — perhaps sixty-six of them.

Poppie had a colorful and joyous life; may he rest in peace.



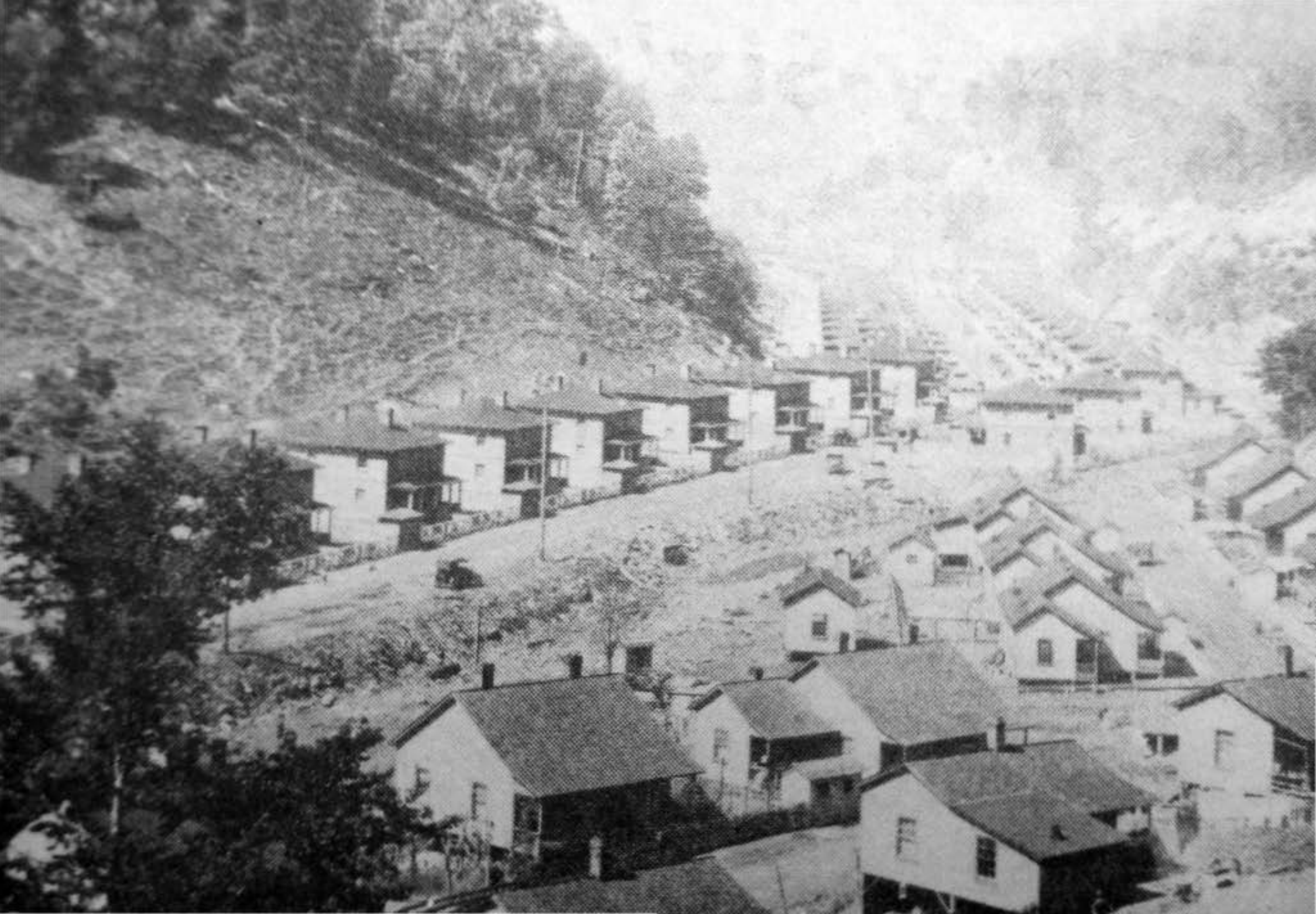
Carmine Pellegrino

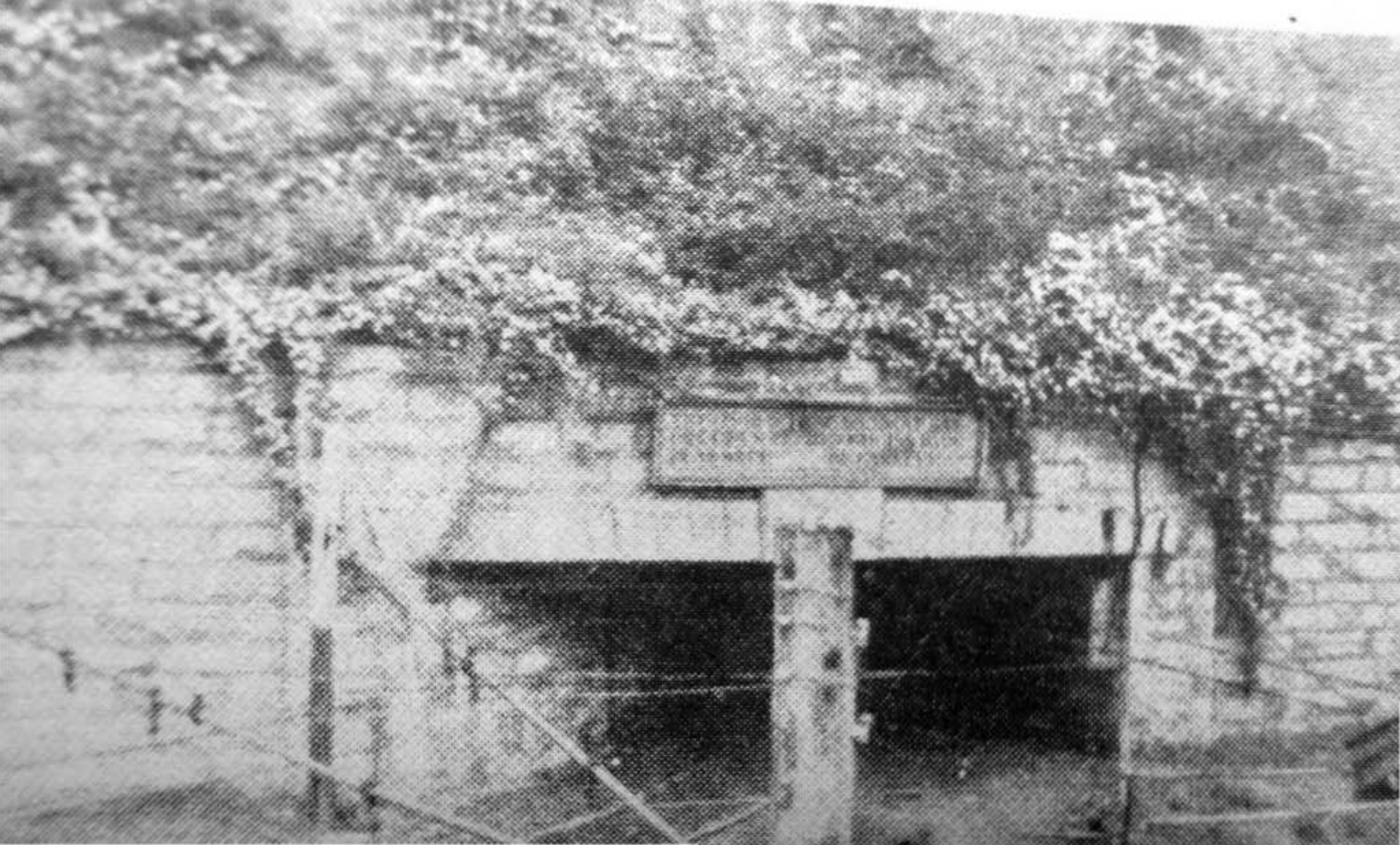


Coal Camps

Above left, can you identify this one? Above right, Kemp-ton, Tucker County, W. Va. Davis Coal & Coke Co. The Braxton & Landstreet Com-pany Store is in the distance. 1939.

Left, Pit mouth and safety board at Nellis mine. Note the rambler roses. Right, section of Nellis, W.Va., showing homes.









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Left, Pit mouth and safety board at Nellis mine. Note the Rambler roses. Right, section of Nellis, W.Va., showing homes.



"MOTHER" JONES, MINERS' UNION ORGANIZER.

At 82, she took an active part in the West Virginia Campaign and sought to stay the advance of the armed marchers by reading a telegram purporting to have been sent by President Harding. A union officer told the miners the telegram was fictitious and ordered her away.

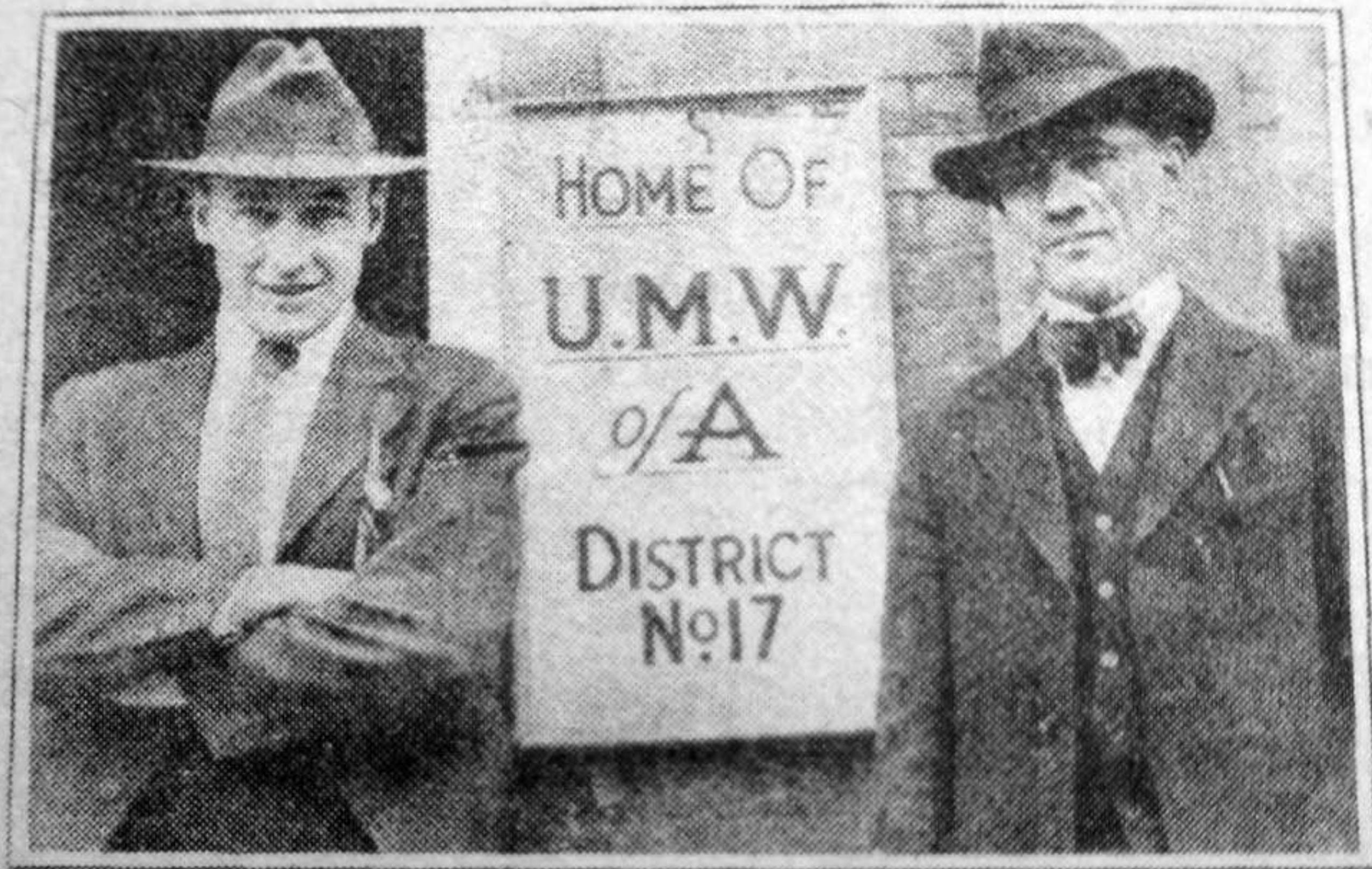


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SID HATFIELD, IDOL OF THE UNION MINERS. Matewan's "two-gun" Chief of Police, who was acquitted of a charge of murder in the Matewan massacre, exonerated in the murder of "Devil Anse" Hatfield, and later slain "in self-defense" by C. E. Lively, a Baldwin-Felts detective, who joined the union and was an "under-cover man" hunting murder evidence at Matewan.



© Underwood & Underwood

THE SOCIALIST LEADERS OF DISTRICT 17

Sec'y, Fred Mooney and Pres. C. F. Keeney, Officers of the United Mine Workers in West Virginia, whose power is due largely to the Socialists on Paint and Cabin creeks



AMONG THE RUINS AT WILLIS BRANCH

"Uncle Jimmy" Davis, a local farmer, helped to guard the mine and sheltered non-union families after the union men had rendered the village uninhabitable. The attacking force burned his house and several times attempted to kill him.